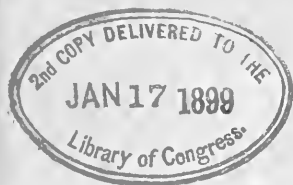


# AMERICAN VERSE



2nd COPY,  
1888.



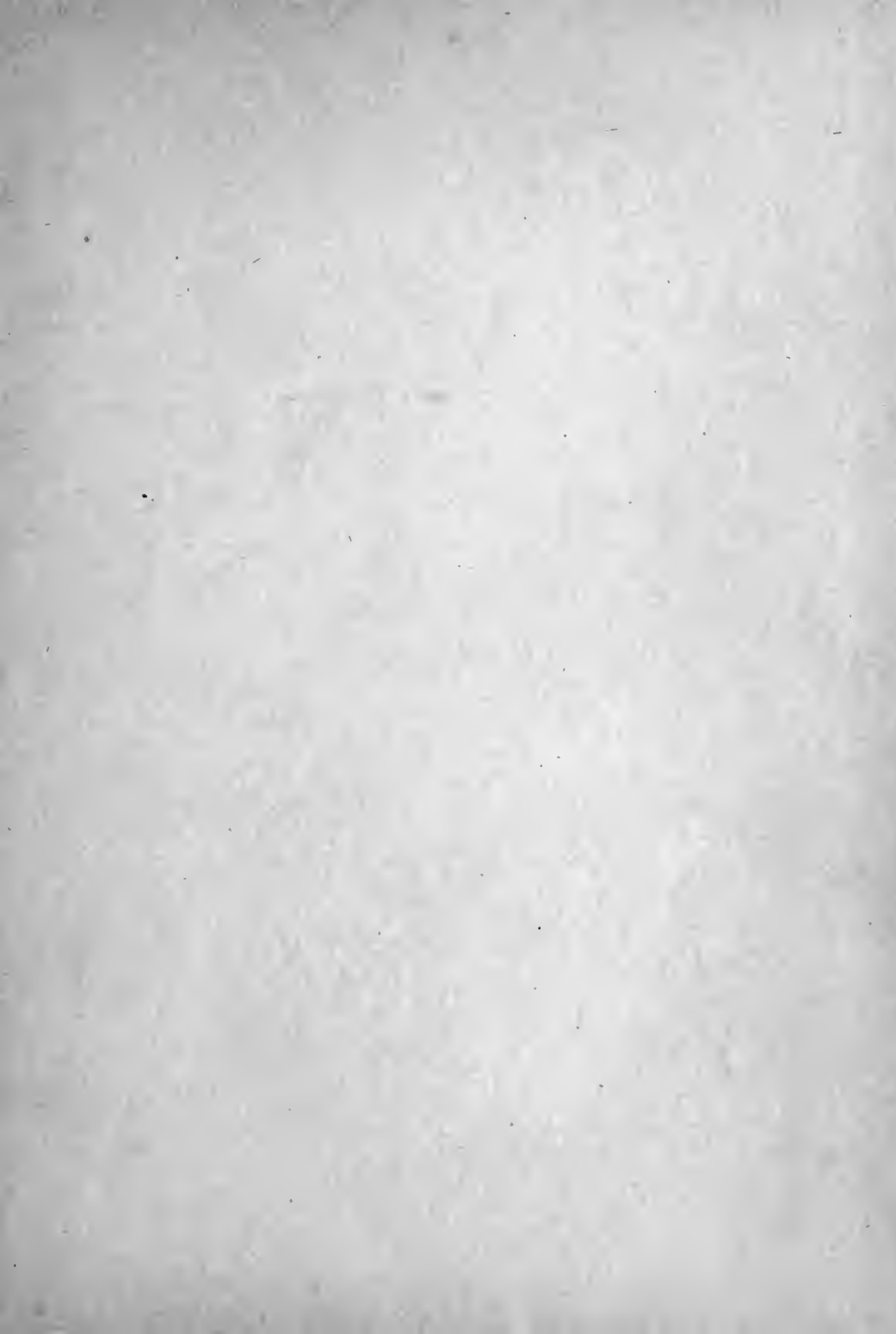
**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.**

Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf P8611

S4

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**





JAN 14 1899

# AMERICAN VERSE.

---

A COLLECTION OF SHORT POEMS

---

Y COMPILED BY  
SCROLL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OP

---

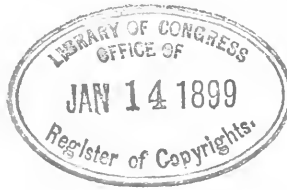
COPYRIGHT 1898:  
CHICAGO,

L.

75611  
54


23181

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.



71646  
929

## SILENT LOVE.

N the deep recess of my heart  
There is a love untold,  
Placed there by the kindest words  
That man could e'er behold.  
It is not right to tell her,  
But only to breathe a prayer  
That she will soon forget me,—  
Forget, and not despair.

Her every word breathes love to me,  
As soft as music sweet;  
Her heart it craves that one desire,  
My love, laid at her feet.  
Into my silent dreams she comes,  
Soft as an angel's song,  
And rests in peace and happiness  
Until the vision's gone.

Craving a heart's devotion  
In a most pathetic way,  
Longing, and patiently waiting,  
For that bright and happy day,  
When she and I shall meet and love  
And sorrow all be past;  
The day will come—I know it will—  
And all be right at last.

—Charles Sheldon Roe.

## YULE-TIDE VISIONS.



BESIDE the yule-log's yellow blaze  
What visions come and go,  
Of other lips that quaffed the wine  
That erst-while used to flow;  
Of sparkling eyes, whose looks of love  
Made rounded cheeks to glow;  
And tripping feet, whose rhythmic time  
Made music long ago;


Of dainty forms in stiff brocade,  
With patch and powdered hair,  
In girlish dignity sweep down  
The polished oaken stair,  
To meet some knight in waiting  
In sash and doublet,  
To tread with him, in measured step,  
The stately minuet.

What vows beneath the pendant spray  
Were plighted with a kiss!  
What thrilling tales of love were told  
That filled some heart with bliss!  
In curtained recess, dimly lit  
By fire light's flash and glow,  
How many lovers sealed their bliss  
Beneath the mistletoe!

—*N. Marie Davol.*



## DEWEY'S FAMOUS SECOND ORDER.

“TRIKE! for your God and country;  
Strike! for the cause of right.”  
’Tis done! “One hour for breakfast,”  
Orders next the man of might.

And the belching cannon ceased  
Their murderous mighty roar,  
As the wave of cheers increased  
For our humane Commodore.

It was like a benediction  
For those toiling, nerve-wrought men;  
Like the voice of God in blessing  
Coming down to mortal ken.

Like a burst of morning sunshine,  
Bringing gladness and relief  
To those struggling weary seamen,  
Was this message from their chief.

As on smoking ships, still battling,  
In far-famed Manilla Bay,  
Came this touch of human kindness  
On that fearful first of May.

Next to Dewey’s stroke for country,  
Next to Dewey’s cyclone blow,  
Shall his famous humane order  
Down the cycling ages glow.

—*Col. James de Baun.*

## MY SOUL.



YE stars, that from the heavens beam  
Upon the azure crown of night,  
Vouchsafe, in your expiring gleam,  
To me this inward light!  
Beyond what voids came ye hence?  
And, when the empurpled dawn appears,  
Ye haste to distant goals,—but whence,—  
To shine on other spheres?

What mysteries doth the upper deep  
Unfold to your cold gaze alone,  
Where formless worlds still nascent sleep,  
Beneath the gelid zone?  
What endless cycles had ye run  
In nature's long, primordial night,  
Ere earth's creation was begun,  
Or time's memorial flight?

What fate awaits, of woe or weal,  
The trembling soul to death betrayed?  
When lightnings blast, or frosts congeal,  
In that abysmal shade?  
Ah, tell me, if beyond the mete,  
We pass into the outer night,—  
Or doth some angel guide our feet  
Towards the realms of light?

Still vainly we interrogate  
The vast unknown; eternal bars  
Enseal the registry of fate,  
    And silent are the stars!  
Roll on, ye wondrous orbs, through space,  
In solemn grandeur and in gloom!  
But when ye've run the mighty race,  
    The swaddling clothes of doom,

Shall quench your lambent flames and hide  
Fore'er your holy astral light,  
And later stars shall deck with pride  
    The bride of God, the Night!  
And when, dissolved in cosmic dust,  
The spheres shall vanish as they roll,  
A vital spark within this bust  
    Shall still survive—My Soul!

—*Thaddeus W. Williams.*

## AN EARLY CALLER.



TINY bird in ermine wrap  
Was pecking at my window pane;  
It had disturbed my morning nap  
Would Morpheus return again?

I've many little feathered pets  
That I regard as friends;  
We part in autumn with regret,  
And meet again when the winter ends.

It is, perhaps, a friendly call  
To say to me "good-by!"  
They go when leaves begin to fall,  
Bleak winds begin to sigh.

I saw its plumage, chaste and neat,  
Heard gentle rapping on the pane;  
An early call to kindly greet,  
It certainly was not the rain.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, I heard again.  
And then I hastened to reply;  
But now on ev'ry window pane  
It came with intervening sigh.

But hark! a gentle voice I heard,  
"Have you forgotten your old pet?  
I am the little tiny bird  
In ermine wrap; I wear it yet."

It was a friend of long ago,  
Of charming grace in diamonds dressed;  
And it was christened Beautiful Snow,  
That now had called to be my guest.

—*John Bachelder.*

## THE NATIVITY.



STRAINS of sweet music were borne on the air  
On the night when the Christ-child was born;  
Angelic visitants, radiant and fair,  
Mingled rapturous voices in song.

On green sloping hillsides devout shepherds lay  
With hearts all attuned to their strain:  
Long had they waited for this blessed day—  
The dawn of Messiah's pure reign.

The atmosphere glowed with shimmer and sheen,  
The heavens aflame with new light;  
Such rapturous visions had never been seen  
As came to the shepherds that night.

"All glory to God in the highest!" they sang,  
"Peace on earth and good will to all men!"  
Hillside and valley reechoed the strain,  
Repeated again and again.

The shepherds with eagerness hastened away  
To find the young child and adore,  
And joyously fell at his feet, as he lay  
In a manger, so humble and poor.

Oh, exquisite blessing, rejoicing all men,  
That came on that night long ago:  
A joy never ceasing, a joy without end,  
Which all of earth's children may know.

—*Mrs. Lizzie Hanby Collier.*

## THE SHADES OF THE LOST.

**T**HE pine trees whisper upkindly to me  
As I walk in their shade at even,  
And say, "You are lost for eternity  
To love, to hope, to heaven!"

Why do they whisper such dreadful things?  
To them I owe no duty,  
And I seek the shade of the forest kings  
To admire their stately beauty.

What do they know of my life ere now,  
How in evil paths I have trod?  
But they whisper of that, and seem to know  
Of a great and awful God.

I sent my friend of noble caste,  
Pure in life as an angel's dream,  
To walk alone in the self-same path,  
And note what was said to him.

He soon returned with word and look—  
A sight that was good to see;  
"Whispered those trees beside the brook  
Only the kindest word," said he.

The lost ones need not church nor priest  
To tell of their sad condition,  
For nature's words to the heart of each  
Need no priest for their rendition.

And we only reap what we have sown—  
A law fixed as fate can be;  
Of joy and hope to worth alone,  
And the fate of the lost for me.

—*Andrew Williams.*

## MY DOLLY.



HAVE a little dolly,  
Her name is Dorothy ;  
She is the sweetest baby  
That ever you did see:  
She is a little darling,  
And dresses very neat;  
But one thing I don't like at all—  
She has such great big feet.  
Her golden hair is fluffy;  
Her cheeks are like the rose;  
And everybody loves her,  
No matter where she goes;  
Her eyes they shine like diamonds;  
Her mouth is small and sweet;—  
But isn't it just awful  
That she has such big feet?  
She smiles so very sweetly,  
Ah, me! when I come near;  
And then I hug and kiss her,  
And call her "mama's dear."  
For a nice looking baby,  
I know she can't be beat—  
Of course, with the exception  
Of her two great big feet.  
Now if her feet keep growing,  
As they are apt to grow,  
How to keep her in shoe leather  
I really do not know.  
This is the hardest trial  
I have ever had to meet:  
And all because my Dorothy  
Has such great big feet.

—*L. Craig Waldron.*

## LENTEN VESPER MUSIC.



SOLEMNLY, slowly, sadly at first,  
Soothing the soul for solace athirst,  
With melody deep and low;  
Flowing down from the choir above,  
Filling the heart with a world of love  
For our fellows here below;

Louder and fuller, grandly it swells,  
With a sacred voice that to each one tells,  
A message of Heavenly warning,  
To lift now your hearts in prayer and thanksgiving  
To the Father of all, the dead and the living,—  
It may be too late in the morning.

Yearningly plaintive, beseechingly sweet,  
To cast yourselves at the Savior's feet,  
Again does the sweet voice implore;  
Free yourselves from the shackles of sin;  
Enter the pearly gates within  
Where waits the God you adore.

Higher, still higher, the notes ascend,  
Up to the skies that above us bend,  
A prayerful petition for pardon;  
The Father bends with a list'ning ear,  
To catch His children's masical prayer,  
Wafted to the Heavenly Garden.

Far and faint comes an anxious strain,  
Back to fair earth, and not in vain  
Has been our supplication.  
Low and soft as an angel's prayer,  
Comes to the penitent's eager ear  
Our Father's benediction.

—*Fannie M. O'Rourke.*



## DREAMS.



HOW our mem'ries love to linger  
'Round the scenes of long ago;  
How our thoughts will wander  
backward

To the friends we used to know.  
And sometimes a thought comes stealing  
To a care-bewildered brain,  
That the past holds all the sweetness,  
And the present all the pain.

How the lonely sad-eyed mother,  
Musing in the twilight hour,  
Of her dearly-loved and lost ones,  
Seems to live the bright days o'er.  
But those dreams of vanished pleasures  
Are at best but painful ones,  
For the present seems more dreary  
As each sad awakening comes.

But I dream of joys awaiting—  
Of the resurrection morn—  
When those little moss-grown grave-mounds  
Shall give back each cherished form.  
We shall know our long lost darlings,  
When the light of glory beams  
On their half-forgotten faces—  
Ah! life knows no sweeter dream!

—*Libbie Sprague Phillips.*

## TO MY LITTLE FRIEND.

For they (the ancients) said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things."

"Essay on Love."—Emerson.



AM thinking, little darling, how long the months have been

Since I've waited for a letter from your little blundering pen;

But never mind, my darling, you love me just the same,  
Tho' from your little scrawling hand no letter ever came.

For oft I know your limbs are wearied by your wandering little feet

For God doth make you tired playing, so your resting may be sweet.

His winds tear down the houses that the little hands have made  
And scatter briars o'er the paths where little feet have strayed.

And little children work and work to fix them right again,  
And little trials come and come to vex the little brain,  
And little children hide their eyes and mourn and sob and weep,  
Till the Father sends an angel to put them fast asleep.

But the Lord means not to vex you by these trials He doth send,  
He just tries the little children as He tries the grown-up men:  
He gives them very pretty things, and after they are given  
He takes them all away from them, to make them think of Heaven.

These good things that He sends us are but the shadows, love,  
Of the many brighter better things He's keeping up above;  
And when a shadow's with us, we don't care much, you know,  
What the far-off object is that does the shadow throw.

But when the shadow creeps away and leaves us in the heat,  
We'll seek until we find the thing that made the shadow sweet;  
And so God takes the shadow—the good things He has given—  
And in searching out what made them, we find the way to Heaven.

—Mattie L. Adams.

## STRANDED.



IGH up the beach the waves have forced the  
bulk;

The keel sinks helpless in the clinging sand;  
The straining timbers warp, and gape, and rot,

Until the wooden ribs half-naked stand,  
Save where fantastic wreaths the sea weeds twine;

And slimy snails crawl up the slimy planks,  
And miniature lagoons within are formed

In tiny basins, walled by sandy banks.  
The flowing tide bounds lightly from the keel,

And spurning, tosses flecks of snowy foam,  
As tho' to taunt,—“How hast thou failed, proud ship,

Stranded—a hopeless wreck—far, far from home!”  
And yet, methinks she seems like some brave soul,

Who starts upon life's voyage—all sails unfurled  
And pennons flying—in a fav'ring breeze,

With sunshine flooding all the happy world;  
And bearing precious freight for lands unseen,

And manned by noble motives, intents high;—  
Yet scarce the harbor buoy is safely passed,

When sullen clouds low-gather in the sky,  
And rising winds do sough, and shriek, and moan,

And toss the angry waters to and fro,  
And buffet the brave bark, until at last—

Her gay flags stripped, her canvas lying low,  
Her precious freight broad-cast upon the waves—

She drifts, a helpless wreck, on some lee-shore,  
To lie, and rot—useless, forgot, despised—

And yet, the crew is saved! They, and no more.

—*Helen T. Churchill.*

## SOUVENIRS.



HERE comes at times a mist of doubt  
Betwixt us and the things that  
were;

Memory brings all her treasures ont,—

We look with faithless eyes at her.

The faces we have known, in vain

She paints—makes music in our ears

With voices and with words that pain

Us, since they will not come again;

Like day dreams seem the vanished years.

And then we long to quicken faith

By sense of things material;—

The air of some fresh morn to breathe

Which may the distant hour recall;

What absent ones have touched, to hold;

To read some burning words they wrote,

And, following their footsteps bold,

To find some mark upon the cold

Hard rocks of life by them cut out.

— *Elizabeth F. Sturtevant.*

## LOVED ONE.



TONIGHT my thoughts are all of thee,  
Thou dearest, loveliest of the fair:  
Thy sweet, bright eyes I seem to see  
As joyous as the angels are.  
Thy low-toned voice falls on my ear  
Like music dreams upon the heart;  
But thinking that thou art not near,  
I cannot help the tears that start.  
The soft, dark hair around thy brow,  
Would I could garland it tonight  
With fragrant flowers, breathing a vow  
To make thy future dear and bright!  
Would I could once more hear thee speak,  
And fondly clasp thy little hand,  
And see the light blush on thy cheek!—  
One moment thus to by thee stand  
Were worth more than the rarest gem  
That ever blazed in diadem!

— *Oliver Perry Mandore.*

## NIGHT VOICES.



WHEN the Angels of Night their shade unfold  
To wrap this land in gloom,  
And I sit before the fire-light glow,  
Alone in my quiet room,  
I look with Memory's eager eyes  
In a face so dear to me,  
Till my heart seems crushed with its weight of woe,  
And for tears I cannot see.

I look at the shadows upon the wall,  
That dear face there I see,  
And out from the dying firelight's glow  
Bright eyes look back at me;  
And out from night's solemn stillness  
I hear that voice again;  
It carries me back to days long past,  
Forgetting the present pain.

But the Past forever has vanished,  
There is only the Present now:  
But, oh! for one hour of the passed time!  
It would brighten the days as they go.  
But God in infinite wisdom  
Has made them but sad, sweet years,  
And He bids me look to the Future  
That knows no time of tears.

— *Yekserk A. Eimmim.*

## ANGEL MUSIC.



WHEN the twilight had gathered around me,  
And the curtain of night hid the day,  
I heard the sweet music of angels  
From over the hills far away;  
Then came a procession a-marching,  
And plainly there came to my view  
The soldiers, with fife and drum playing,  
All clad in the bright army blue.

The long lines kept filing past me,  
While the national emblem waved high,  
And plainly I heard the grand anthem,  
So quiet and still I did lie.  
'Twas a scene that I long shall remember;  
Forgotten it never will be,  
For my own soldier-brother I saw  
In the vision the night brought to me.

While I listened and waited to catch  
Every sound from that immortal band,  
The curtain of night seemed to rise,  
And I saw the bright summer land.  
Oh, glory celestial! Oh, raptures divine!  
I cannot describe it: No poor words of mine  
Can portray unto you the beauties there,  
The immortal joys the soldier boys share!

*Helen Kelsey Fox.*

## A DREAM.



TROUBLING shadow creeps o'er me today; I cannot  
say  
What makes this coldness at my heart, my own,  
But that last night I dreamed that you were dead, and did so  
dread

Your lying out there in the dark alone.

The wind wailed loud and low and loud again, the dropping  
rain

Kept up its beating, maddening monotone;  
Through sodden leaves and low, wet vines I crept, while  
others slept,

And found your grave: you were not then alone.

You press warm, trembling lips to mine and say 'tis passed  
away,

The dream which gave to-day a grayer tone;  
But, love, the visions of what might be bide, for had you died,  
Then I, as well as you, were all alone!

—*Maudie De Vere Krake.*



## PHANTOM FACES.



HEY come and go, dear faces,  
Bright with joy and glee;  
Or dim with tears, or sad with grief  
They quiver mournfully;  
They glow within the fire's heart,  
They glance upon the wall;  
Amid my dreams they stand or start,  
When I ne'er bid nor call.

I see them when I'm sad and lone;  
They bid me be of cheer;  
Or when I'm longing for my own,  
They tell me they are near.  
Fair friends of mine, sweet memory's gift,  
Dear "phantoms of delight,"  
At lagging midnight, day hours swift,  
You are welcome to my sight.

--*Amanda M. E. Booth.*

## MEMORIAL MUSINGS.



THE homes that have lost them best know of the shadows

That rest on the household when dear ones depart,—

The gloom and the sadness, the pain and the anguish,  
The withering tear drops unbidden that start.

How heavy the heart as we look at the loved one,  
When lilies are lying upon the cold cheek,  
When clasp we the hand that returns not our greeting,  
And press the pale lip that refuses to speak!

The songs of the morning will fail to awaken  
The ear that is cold and the heart that is still;  
The words of the kindred are spoken unheeded,  
And naught that's of earth can the pulses e'er thrill.

Alas! on our pathway is Death with his saber!  
Each year as we gather to sing in our halls  
We miss from our number some voice that enchanted,  
And sigh for the dear one that memory calls.

Our music is that of the swan by the river,  
The song of the wild-bird that sings ere it dies,  
The voice of the spring-time that's gone ere the summer,  
The song of the zephyr that sings as it flies.

The voice that now speaks of the dear, the departed,  
Ere long shall be hushed in the stillness of night,  
When life's star has sunk 'neath the western horizon,  
And gates of the evening have shut out the light.

Ah! soon shall I launch upon Death's dreary ocean!  
But hope shall illumine my bark o'er the tide—  
The fond hope of meeting the forms that are waiting  
And watching my bark from the heavenly side.

—N. Springer Young.

## ONE KISS.



SIT in tears and trouble,  
My weary head bowed low;  
This life seems not worth living—  
How can some love it so?  
So dark and sad and dreary,  
'Tis sorrowful to know!

But suddenly I lift my face,  
I see a ray of light;  
The cheery sun comes to dispel,  
From my weighed soul, the night:  
It is my dear one that comes in,  
Who is my life's delight.

Oh! how could I, e'en for a while,  
Have been discouraged, having you?  
She merely looks into my eyes,  
And, looking quite as angels do,  
Presses a kiss upon my lips,  
That gives me hope and faith anew.

Such loving lips to have and own,  
Are quite enough to make one brave:  
One soul to work for is enough  
To make one happy, hope to save:—  
While I have her to smooth my way,  
On earth I'm king, instead of slave!

Oh! all that love another soul,  
Be careful that you never miss  
To give with heart and soul and lips,  
When they have lost both hope and bliss—  
To save them danger and despair—  
One passion-laden, tender kiss!

—*Matilde M. Ariles.*

## OUR CRICKETS.



ONLY the chirp of a cricket  
In the dewy grass by the way,  
As I pass through a garden wicket  
At the close of a summer day.

Simply a cricket's shrill chime,  
But it carries my soul afar  
To the eve of yon hazyon time,  
To the rise of my loving star,—

When, as Jennie and I were walking  
In a shaded glade by the way,  
The crickets kept noisily mocking,  
At the close of that summer's day.

And the right of a lover usurping,  
With loving, innocent mirth,  
I told her I dreamed of their chirping  
Ere long round our own loved hearth.

That dream of my life was granted,  
As dreams shall not always be,  
And the crickets have merrily ranted  
For sweet little Jennie and me.

Now in foreign lands as I wander,  
Far away from my own hearthstone,  
A cricket is chirping reminder  
Of Jennie, my wife, and my home.

—*Col. James de Baum.*

## A STRUGGLE.



HE waves are dashing wildly  
'Gainst a light-house old and bare,  
A man with the waves is battling—  
Hark! His voice rings out on the air:

“Help!” he is frantically calling—  
But alas! none are there to hear!  
He sinks 'neath the angry billows  
Because of no listening ear.

The water flows quickly o'er him;  
He is lost to all eyes but One:  
The God who watches above him  
Sees all and says, “Well done.”

So, when the waves of sorrow  
Seem closing o'er my head,  
And I battle wildly with them  
And feel that my heart is dead,

I pause and think a moment;—  
No struggle is wholly lost;  
The soul is made far stronger  
Than it were if not tempest tossed;

Though we sink beneath the water,  
God knows and sees it all;  
He gathers His faltering one to Him  
Thus answering his faint, weak call.

—*Marie Chamberlain.*

## LONGING.



AR, far away, to golden shores,  
Where angel harps are ring-  
ing;  
Where heavenly light  
Has banished night,  
My soul tonight is winging.

Above the meaner things of earth,  
Above the sin and sorrow,  
Its troubles o'er,  
My soul would soar  
Into a glad tomorrow.

Earth's vanities shall pass away—  
Her glories are but mortal—  
But joys secure  
For aye endure  
Beyond that heavenly portal.

No bitterness shall enter there,  
Nor evil word be spoken;  
No sin nor pain  
Nor woe remain,  
Nor trusting heart be broken.

The angels strike their harps of gold,  
To tell the joyful story;  
Then on, my soul,  
To reach the goal  
That crowns thy life with glory!

—Emily Houseman Watson.

## TWILIGHT CHIMES.



THEY sat in silence on the shore,  
The twilight died away,  
The evening star came out once more  
And twinkled through the gray;  
He took her trembling hand in his—  
She thought the pressure kind—  
He raised it gently to his lips  
And said, "Wilt thou be mine?"

She uttered low one little word,  
It fell upon his ear;  
It was enough, 'twas all he heard  
And all he wished to hear;  
The evening star behind a cloud  
A happy smile concealed;—  
What more was said, what more was done,  
Has never been revealed.

Save this, not many weeks had sped  
From that eventful night,  
Ere Hymen to the altar led  
A happy bride and bright;  
The same was she who silent sat  
Till twilight died away,  
Until the evening star came out  
And twinkled through the gray.

—*Mrs. L. F. Augney.*

## HOMeward BOUND.



HE way is long, my dear one,  
The path is rough and  
steep,

And swift across the darkening sky

I see the shadows creep;

But Oh! my love, my darling,

No harm to us can come,

No evil turn us from our path,

For we are going home!

Your feet are weary, darling,

So tired the tender feet;

But think, when we are there at last,

We've earned the rest so sweet!

For look! the lights are gleaming,

And yonder silver dome,

Before us shining like a star,

Shall guide us safely home.

The night grows chill, my darling,

The mountain-side is steep,

And fast across the dark'ning sky

The twilight shadows creep;

But, love, we'll still press onward

Whenever trials come,

For in the way the Father knows,

We two are going home!

—*Dora Rose Ware.*



## THE PAST.



WHEN memory, like a mighty spell,  
Sweeps o'er the drooping soul  
With withering agonies that  
quell  
The spirit's stern control;

When, like the lightning's lurid light,  
It rends the veil of buried years,  
And brings before the aching sight  
Hope's blackened wreath of tears:—

'Tis then we feel how dark and drear  
Earth's brightest beauties given;  
'Tis then we feel that hopes most dear  
Are soonest to be riven;

'Tis then we feel how, one by one,  
Like summer rays of burning light,  
Have vanished from youth's horizon  
The joys we deemed were ever bright.

And yet must memory ever dwell  
On scenes, on years, forever past?  
Oh, who could dream a fitter hell  
For demon souls e'er cast?

—Ed. Wentworth.

## A DAY'S OUTING IN JUNE.



OW sweet to sit beneath the trees  
In the silent country, pure and  
sweet!

To hear the murmur of the breeze,  
And feel its breath upon thy cheek!

Full lovingly the balmy air  
Wraps thee in its soft embrace,  
And with a radiance so fair  
The sunlight beams upon thy face.

Ah! sweet indeed it is to rest  
Far from the city's noise and bustle;  
To sit beneath these grand old trees,  
And hear their soft and gentle rustle.

Dear Nature, mother of our race,  
Many phases canst thou assume,—  
The storm that ravages and wastes,  
Grand Thunder with his awful boom.

And then, these gentle breezes rare,  
How innocent they seem to me!  
Bright Nature, thus thou art a child,  
And like one playest sportively.

—*Clara C. E. Kennedy.*

## STANZAS.



HERE blows not a  
flower  
In meadow or lea  
That has not the power  
To whisper of thee;  
The purl of the river  
In melody frames,  
Forever and ever,  
Thy sweetest of names.

To-night I am dreaming:  
Stars gladden the skies;  
I see not their gleaming,  
But only thine eyes.  
Thus ever communion  
With nature I share;  
And all things in union  
Proclaim thou art fair.

The dew-drop, adorning  
The blossoms of May,  
Lives but for a morning,  
Then fadeth away;  
Yet still in my bosom  
Remembrance shall give  
Thine image to blossom  
Forever and live.

— *William J. Price.*

## A WESTERN WOOING.



THE sun is low; eve's dusky glow  
Falls o'er the rolling prairie;  
Dame Nature seems to sink in  
dreams

'Neath spell of twilight fairy.

On straying feet, thro' grasses sweet,  
A man and maiden wander;  
All silent she, it seemeth he  
O'er some fond hope doth ponder.

At length he speaks. In girlish cheeks  
Red rose and white do vary;  
She says him nay, she turns away,—  
Some maids are sore contrary.

But he is bold—an answer cold  
Ne'er chilled a West'ner's heart—  
He whispers low, "Love, 'tis not so;  
We twain ne'er met to part!

"I'll kiss you, dear,—yes, without fear—  
For sure there'd be no chiding  
From lips so red, the rose in dread  
Her jealous head is hiding?

"And, darling, you will tell me true  
That you'll be mine forever?"  
A whispered "yes" doth soft confess  
Love's union naught can sever.

In close embrace, with tardy pace,  
Two lovers homeward wander;  
All silent she, it seemeth he  
On some fond fact doth ponder.

—*Stella Lucile Gilman.*

## ANGEL WAYS AND SUMMER DAYS.




THERE'S laughter in the summer  
brook,  
And in the summer skies;  
My Love has caught their mystic look—  
I saw it in her eyes.  
I heard the runlet's happy sound,  
This morning, in her mirth;  
There must have been an angel 'round,  
To dower her at birth.

The dainty shade which decks the rose,  
Is shamed by her sweet face;  
And stately though the lily grows,  
'Tis not so full of grace.  
Across the meadow wet with dew,  
The filmy webs are spun;  
Her golden fleece has brighter hue,  
Caught from the ardent sun.

—*Clara H. Holmes.*

## DAWN.

Y Love and I, at dawn of day,  
Watched all the east sky turn from gray  
Into the shades of red and gold;  
We watched the new-born maid unfold  
Her arms unto her lover, old;  
We saw the clouds come down to hold  
The glistening peaks so white and cold;  
We saw the night at sight of sun  
Gather her lanterns one by one,  
Then calling darkness from its play,  
She clasped it close, and flew away.

—*Ruth Ward Kahn.*

## OVER A TWILIGHT SEA.



ON laggard wings above us the tired birds revolve;  
All luminous the ripples with diamonds that dissolve;  
How beautiful to fling them in the water all ashake;  
Could you and I but string them what a rainbow chain they'd  
make!

The lily buds are swaying on the margin of the deep;  
The silver minnows playing when they ought to be asleep;  
The restless leaves have cuddled down: a zephyr from the hill  
Has softly sung "Good night! good night!" and bade them all  
lie still.

A lullaby the wavelets tell, with lightly laughing lips;  
Our boat is but a pearly shell that gently o'er them slips;  
On rounded arms they lift it, and link their pallid hands  
As dreamily they drift it to happy sleepy lands.

From out the deepening shadows there creeps a shining strand.  
The air is soft as velvet as we near the phantom land,  
And songs of dreamland angels blend in peaceful harmony,  
Greeting weary little pilgrims borne across the twilight sea.

—*Ida Winship Rand.*

## A MIDNIGHT VISITANT.



S I sought my midnight couch,  
Ere Slumber's spell had bound me,  
Ere the draperies of my dreams,  
Fell like mist around me,—

From my chamber door there came  
Softest rappings on my ear,  
Oft repeated tappings they,  
Most distinctly could I hear;

And I knew it was no raven,  
That was waiting there without,  
For 'tis they of softer plumage  
That e'er throng my home about.

Quick I rose and gave it entrance;  
When its mild eyes sought my face,  
They, which e'er my sorrow banish,  
And Care's landmarks all efface.

It of mien most mild pursued me,  
And my downy pillow pressed;  
Perched beside my throbbing temples,  
Sweetly crooned me off to rest.

On my cheek faint airs vibrated,  
With its soft recurring breath;  
As it nestled close beside me,  
I little dreamed it spake of death.

But when earth once more awakened,  
In my couch I was alone,  
For Death's finger'd touched my treasure,  
And my gentle one had flown.

—*Ada Neneta Ridings.*



## NIGHT.



SAW the tyrant Night

His long arms fling about the neck of Day,  
Then pounce on her as if she were his prey  
And drag her to his closet, dark and drear,  
Like some bold giant, strong, devoid of fear.  
I heard him shut the tall and massive door,  
I heard him turn the massive key—and more!  
Tier upon tier of dark I saw him pile  
From sleepy earth to blue and boundless sky,  
As if to build some mammoth barrier high;  
While knaves and fiends along the road did pile,  
Unwatched save by the moon and stars.  
I saw him nudge the group of drowsy trees  
Which stood like sluggards sly, a-stealing ease;  
I heard him bid them bend and fan the air,  
That peasants worn by tedious work and care  
Might sleep like babes all through his ugly reign,  
Unmindful of their busy lives and gain.  
Then soon a noisy gust regaled the earth;  
The slaves of Night, from tree to fragile reed,  
As if to mock Day's death, as Night decreed,  
A moment shook their giddy heads with mirth,  
Then all was calm, more tranquil than before.

—*James H. Borland.*

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.



DOWN in the flower-clad meadow,  
Where the river runs deep  
and wide,

I watched the leaves and branches  
Float away on the restless tide.

They rose on a crested billow,  
Then sank in an eddy's whirl;  
Rose again to the surface,  
To be lost in the ocean's swirl.

I thought, how like our life-boats  
As we sail down life's flowing stream,  
Are these leaves so black and withered,  
Floating out from a sunny gleam;

Gliding into the shadows,  
Behind curtains of darksome night,  
Until some unseen spirit  
Guides them into the light.

From Pleasure's placid bosom  
We are drawn through the maelstrom's  
door:

Forever sinking and rising;  
We float toward the Unknown Shore.

And many whose barques are sightly,  
As they sail away from the strand,  
Will fail to ride the billows,  
And be wrecked in sight of land.

Others, with boats ungilded,  
'Gainst fierce billows hard to breast,  
Safe through the shoals and breakers,  
Will glide to the Haven of Rest.

—*Myra C. K. Shuey.*

## ART SUBJUGATED.



W<sup>H</sup>AT was't thou sang to me  
As I against thy knee  
Leaned, on the sandy beach  
Just out of ocean's reach?

Neptune's accompaniment  
A strange enchantment lent  
To that most beauteous sound,  
Thy voice, so rich and round.

Weird but bewitching hour,  
Voice with its swaying power;  
No need of lyre nor harp,  
No need of critic sharp.

Thine was an artist's name  
Already known to fame,  
Yet in thee none could see  
Aught but simplicity.

I, there in humble joy  
Scarce breathed, lest sigh annoy  
Thy dreamy tunesome mood  
Gently by muses wooed.

Sing'st thou not thus alway,  
Never did audience gay  
Hear just such tones, a part  
Of thy sweet soul, not art!  
Or art quite subjugated  
By nature, soul related.

—A. H. Ewing.

## AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.



THE nightingale at even  
Calls, "Marie!"  
The flowers gaze toward  
Heaven  
And see thee;  
Yet the birds in leafy bowers  
And the fairest of the flowers  
Never knew a love like ours,—  
Nor do we.

Whenever we are parted,  
Earth and sky  
Mourn with me, broken-hearted,  
Fain to sigh;  
While the trees, by breezes shaken,  
All the woodland echoes waken,  
And they sob as though forsaken,—  
As do I.

Then glance from out your cover!  
Give some sign  
Of greeting to the lover  
Who is thine!  
For the moonlit hours are fleeting,  
And his heart is wildly beating  
And implores an early meeting,  
Marie mine!

—*Alex. H. Laidlaw, Jr.*

## AN EVENING IN JULY.

**N**OW slowly pass the heavy hours of heat,  
Blown soft away by gentle evening breeze,  
Which stirs the branches on the slumberous trees  
And wakens them with whispers low and sweet,  
Till o'er the road-ways broad they bend and meet.  
Soon from my wearied limbs all languor flees,  
As in the deepening shade I lie at ease  
And watch the fire-flies flashing o'er the wheat;  
I fancy these are little flitting stars  
Which, wandering toward the earth, have lost their way,  
And now illumine the fields with misty light  
So like that light above, where stately Mars  
Is watching o'er them; and the passing day  
Glides dreamily into the starry night.

—*Adela Allen.*

## THE OCEAN RIVER.



HENCE comes thy power, O restless sea?  
Whence thy magic spell, O rolling deep?  
That thou waftest man o'er thy boundless lea,  
And, child-like, he wonders where wonders sleep?

Is there under your protecting care  
Some oft-searched-for truth entwined?  
Or what marvels are slumbering there,  
To baffle, yet nourish, the noble mind?

In the Atlantic, deep from the day and night,  
Though distanced still from its darkness below,  
A river, unruffled by the billows' fight,  
Sweeps onward in one grand, ceaseless flow.

No plant life adorns this beautiful stream,  
No boatman e'er chained its lofty crest,  
Its basin echoes no shrill forest scream,  
No fisherman e'er heaved its peaceful breast.

—*Francis E. Barieau.*

## UNDER THE SNOW.



UNDER the snow all the flowers are sleeping,  
Sweet, tiny faces that we love so well;  
Under their downy, white robe they are creeping,  
What are they dreaming? Ah, we cannot tell.  
Only we know that when glad springtime opens,  
Forth from their hiding-place gaily they'll come:  
The air will be filled with the fragrance of flowers,  
Then none will be missing,—no, not even one.

They all will come back to the green earth above them,  
Sweet blue-eyed forget-me-nots, true lover's flower;  
And wee modest violets, hiding their faces;—  
Some fresh dainty blossom will open each hour.  
Daisies and buttercups, tall stately lilies,  
Pale yellow cowslips, and all we love best:  
Seeming more fragrant, more lovely than ever,  
Since under the snow they have taken a rest.

—*Lottie F. Chatterton*

## THEN AND NOW.



UNDER the pine trees, long ago,  
We lingered, you and I,  
Hearing birds carols soft and  
low,  
Watching the sunset die.

Ah, we were happy—happy, dear,  
Wandering through the glen:  
Never a cloud in life to fear—  
For we were sweethearts then.

Under the same old pines today  
With aching heart I stand,  
Watching the gentle zephyrs play  
Over the sun-kissed land.

Love's dream is o'er—I must forget  
The heedless, broken vow,  
Though my heart break—show no regret,  
For we are strangers now.

—*Florence D. Yambert.*



## THE PASSING KING.



THE sougning and the sighing  
Of the gray old year a-dying;  
O the wailing and the weeping and the  
tears!

O the agony and groaning,  
And the melancholy moaning,  
As he writhes amid his memories and fears.

Where, O monarch, sad and dreary,  
Of thy ways and works a-weary,—  
Where the courtiers and friends of other days?  
Why thy palace halls deserted?  
Why attention all averted?  
Why no voice to raise for thee the song of praise?

Ah, behold the bright arising,  
In his radiance all baptizing,  
Of a new-born king to sit upon thy throne!  
On his form thy mantle's falling,  
He shall hear the nations calling,  
And no more thy regal power shall they own.

Pass out gently, worn and olden;  
Enter gladly, new and golden;  
Take the scepter, sway the empire of the world.  
With the old we part in sadness,  
But the new we greet in gladness,  
And hail his beauteous banner bright unfurled!

—*Aaron Prince Aten.*

## THE MASTERPIECE.



HE sat within his nook of flowers,  
Unmindful of the fleeting hours  
Unmindful of the eager throng  
Who listened, spellbound, to the song.

No written notes his eyes befell,—  
No discord note to break the spell;  
The music rose, vibrating, grand,  
The violin breathed in his hand.

The soft sweet strain, entrancing, full,  
Revealed the language of his soul:  
It spoke of scenes of other days,  
Of long-gone dreams, of tuneful lays.

It sang the song-life of a bird,  
Of unseen flowers by zephyrs stirred.  
Of sunshine, beauty—youth's desire,—  
Then led to Love's expressive fire.

The strain rose vibrant, high and shrill,  
Then fell and quivered, low and still.  
It spoke of hopes crushed—severed—gone;  
The dirge-like knell ebbed sadly on.

Then wavering life began anew,—  
Some distant star almost in view;  
Aspiring tones rose higher yet—  
A thorny path with roses set.

The star ahead now brighter gleamed,—  
That mystic light—so near it seemed;—  
The note was touched,—he raised his head,  
It was too sweet—the man was dead!

—Anabel Wilson Waterman.

## CHRISTMAS MORNING.



ONCE again the cold December  
    Stilled the earth with icy hand,  
And a glorious Christmas morning  
    Dawned on an enchanted land.

All night long the fluttering snowflakes  
    Wrapped our cold bare earth in white,  
Hooded every rugged summit,  
    Hid the frozen turf from sight.

All the glad earth glowed with beauty—  
    Christ was born on Christmas day—  
And they laid him in a manger,  
    'Mid the scent of sweetest hay.

On this glorious Christmas morning  
    All a happy greeting send,  
And the bells chime out a welcome :  
    “Peace on earth, good will toward men !”

—*Mabel M. Myers.*

## THE MESSENGER.



IN quiet peaceful slumber  
I lay, one calm still night,  
When out from space and  
darkness  
There came a form of light.

It poised in air before me,  
And breathed a plaintive strain;  
Its harp still wet with night dew  
From having crossed the main.

The deep dark sea of silence  
Between us holding sway,  
While swelling waves of memory  
Bear lonely thoughts away.

I spoke and said: "What are you,  
So like an ethereal dove?"  
It turned, and slowly moving  
Unfurled its wings of love.

But ere it rose to leave me,  
By light from a snow-white flame,  
I saw in golden love links  
Was woven your dear name.

—Mrs. S. M. Strickler.

## PRINCE, KING, OR QUEEN?



TWILIGHT, the Prince, is advancing,  
The van-guard of silent Night,  
Touching and lightly enhancing  
Fair Nature, ere lost to our sight;  
While gazing in wide admiration  
The tints of the colors glow,  
Fading in other relation,  
Yet shining their beauty to show.  
Then Night, garbed as a Black King,  
Enshrouds Earth at command,  
A ruler of all—with Darkness,  
But fails in upholding his stand,  
For Luna Divine, with a red robe of plush,  
Smiling triumphantly, rolls  
With majesty up the deep heavens black,  
And reigns till she reaches the goals.  
And her cloak all bebloodied with crimson—a  
stain  
From visits to far Southern climes,  
Is cleansed by the dew in its falling so soft,  
Till golden in beauty she shines.  
Twilight, the Prince, has departed,  
Supplanting it came King of Night,  
Then Luna, the fair Queen of Beauty,  
Dethrones King and rules him with Light.

—*C. Erven Hemeon.*

## TO AN ANT.



LIFE'S myst'ry dwells as much in thee,  
As in the higher life of me;  
The spark divine we cannot make  
Why should I from thy body take ?

I turn my footsteps from thy way;  
To labor go, or to thy play,  
Go build thy towns and found thy state—  
E'en in thee—mite—sits mind elate.

Thrift for the morrow marks thy life,  
Which has its joys as well as strife.  
Delight, distress, and right and wrong,  
To thee and me alike belong.

In order all thy armies fight,  
Fierce battles rage 'twixt mite and mite;  
The fairy tread of maiden fair  
Is a dread cyclone in thy air,

Crushing thy cities and thy homes,  
As gently o'er the lea she roams.  
Our lives expansions are of yours,  
Thy fate the miniature of ours.

From the same source we emanate,  
He makes the lesser and the great;  
Again, then, go, unharmed by me,  
With life's best blessing—liberty.

—*Alice D. Shipman.*

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.



UPON a promontory bold  
The stately lighthouse stands,  
And sheds its rays across the sea  
For ships from many lands;  
When Darkness broods upon the deep  
How needful is its light,  
To help the wave-toss'd mariner  
To steer his course aright.

God grant that we our light let shine  
For sailors on Life's wave;  
When night of sin broods o'er their sea  
Let's help the lost to save;  
The light of love flash brightly forth  
For all afar that roam,  
And some will see its kindly glow  
And steer their barque for home.

—*Richard Baird.*

## WAR SONG.



THE war drums are throbbing again;  
The trumpet is sounding to arms;  
O'er mountain and valley and plain,  
Peal the echoes of war's dread alarms.

Unfurled is the banner of Freedom,  
Proud symbol of Justice and Right,  
Through its folds waving high on the ramparts  
Streams the splendor of Liberty's light.

From the prow of the serried armada  
Riding proudly o'er summer-kissed seas,  
The star-spangled banner is waving  
Old Glory unfurled to the breeze.

The cannon of freemen but thundered  
Defiance t' oppression and wrong,  
And lo! in the East and Antilles,  
Bursts the music of Liberty's song.

On the foam-crested billows of ocean,  
Up the blood-stained hills of San Juan,  
Our heroes with courage ne'er faltering  
Have followed our proud talisman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drum-beat is hushed! the conflict is o'er,  
No camp-fires are lighting the welkin dome,  
But the blood of the brave, across the blue  
wave,  
Has builded for Freedom a home.

— *William Law.*



## BLASTED.



Oh pine tree, lightning blasted,  
Thou lendest to the gloom  
One half of its enchantment,  
As the pale rising moon  
Throws wan light o'er thy branches,  
Where, hiding their decay,  
Hang long fantastic lichens,  
Now gleaming silver gray.

Oh pine tree, lightning blasted,  
The south wind sougning plays  
A requiem through thy splinters,  
Lit by the moon's pale rays.  
I hear its gentle whisper,  
Low breathing in mine ear,  
"Thy heart is like this pine tree.  
Thy life is dead and sere."

—S. L. Allison.

## CHANGES OF EARTH.



AS I sit in my quiet home to-day  
And look out on the cloudless sky,  
Then note the freshness and beauty of earth,  
I marvel this beauty should die ;  
The green leaf must wither, the bright flower fade,  
The sweetness of youth flee away ;  
And friends that we love—ah, saddest to think—  
They, too, may be gone with the day.

In fancy I see that bright home beyond—  
Above all we have pictured fair ;  
The grandest of scenes and dearest of joys  
Seem to meet with no changes there.  
And I fain would sail o'er the mystic sea  
That leads to that summer land,  
To look on a face I have loved and lost,  
And touch with my own a dear hand.

Often it is, when the changes that come  
Bring us crosses full hard to bear,  
We try to escape, and fret 'neath the yoke  
God has fitted for us to wear.  
Each trial we pass makes brighter the way,  
And each to our crown adds a star ;  
Then murmur not at the changes of earth,  
Look beyond—the gates are ajar.

—*Sue D. Gardner.*

## WOMAN'S HEART.



CAST back on itself, broken and torn,  
Slain by the man she had learned to  
love;

Patient and cheerful, no one knew,  
But she who bore it, and God above.  
For her stalwart brothers, brave and kind,  
Would avenge with his blood the wrong he did;  
And they scan her features for one faint trace,  
Of the sorrow she has so skilfully hid.

But alone she lays aside the mask  
That through love for him she wears,  
And kneeling down at her Saviour's feet,  
Pours her soul in earnest prayers.  
"Forgive him, Lord, tho' he has sinned;  
Forgive and lead him to better ways."  
And like a balm on her grieving heart,  
His healing hand He gently lays.

And she rises up to the duties of life,  
Resigned and cheerful resumes her way;  
And the anxious brothers, gaze at her,  
"Twas all a mistake," they gladly say.  
Little they know how within her heart,  
She grieves for the love she cannot gain,  
And that when she and her grief are alone  
Her heart is full of bitter pain.

—*Fannie Eastwood.*

## THE PICTURE.



NEVER was called an art critic,  
But last night I looked into the west  
Where an artist was painting a picture,  
Beyond the hills' verdant crest.

My heart was filled with sweet longing,  
My soul thrilled with rapture sublime,  
At the sight of that glorious picture,  
And thoughts of the artist divine.

There were rivers and valleys and mountains,  
And a sky full of glories untold,  
All ablaze with crimson and azure  
And tinged with the finest of gold.

The picture, I know, was the fairest  
Ever seen by a mortal eye :  
For God himself was the artist,  
And the canvas the evening sky.

—*Addie V. Kelley.*

## NATURE'S MUTATIONS.



ANY a time, from the mountain's breast,  
I have watched the sun as it sank to rest;  
I have watched it sink in a misty hue,  
With the farewell glance to the mountains blue.

I have watched, from the mountain's granite side,  
The evening shadows that softly glide  
From the prairie's edge, that distant lay,  
To the mountain summits, dark and gray.

I have watched, through the murky atmosphere,  
The green of the prairies disappear;  
Or the clouds that over the forest glide  
To strike and part at the mountain's side.

I have watched the rain in torrents fall  
And strike the live oak branches tall;  
I have looked across the yellow soral,  
Dwarfed by the red and purple laurel.

I have seen the dim clouds settle down  
Upon the hill top bare and brown,  
The shower of pattering hail increase;  
Or scanned the rainbow in the east.

—*Leroy W. II. Darling.*

## IN THE CLOUDS.



OW bright the clouds at twilight be!  
Like chariots I love to see,  
Swiftly flying, feathery white,  
Changes quick to red so bright.

Clouds of gold and azure hue,—  
Oh, an artist I'd be, to do  
Each passing cloud in its color true;  
Leaving in each a heavenly blue,

Living in clouds? Yes, joy untold,  
However friends may sneer and scoff;  
Beauty, music and flowers, the soul  
Mates with the love of clouds aloft.

Could human hand paint yellow gold,  
In pictures so bright and fair and bold?  
Dainty tinted folds there be,  
God's pictures in clouds for you and me.

There, a storm cloud rises high and dark,  
Nature changes, though lovely still;  
Vivid lightnings flash and spark,  
Hear that crash! 'tis God's will.

—*Mrs. Anna L. White.*

## OTHER YEARS.

**B**ENEATH the moon's pale glimmering light,  
With twilight stealing o'er me,  
Fond memory weaves the garlands bright  
Of other years before me:  
My boyhood years—the hopes and fears,  
The fond words idly spoken;  
Then memory veers to sighs and tears  
When trusting hearts had broken.

In fancy scenes familiar, dear,  
With playmates of my childhood,  
In shadowy forms will oft appear;  
As seen when in the wildwood,  
When brooklets glide and violets hide,  
To blush and scatter sweetness,  
While spring days bide with haughty pride,  
Yet lend to joy completeness.

There songsters perched in stately trees  
Melodious lays were singing,  
As branches swayed 'neath gentle breeze  
Toward trunks with ivy clinging.  
Thus comes the light in visions bright,  
With moonbeams gleaming 'round me;  
Till stilly night in silent flight  
To earlier loves has bound me.

—A. A. North.

## THE MORNING GLORY.



HE sun gave a ray, The mist a spray,  
The wind wafted sweet perfumes;  
So in that hour Was born a flower,—  
The fairest of Nature's blooms.  
Of a lowly mind, It humbly twined  
Its tendrils round a tree;

Its chalice of dew It raised to view;  
And this reed it gave to me:

“If my strength be weak, Then must I seek  
From One who is Strength and Love.  
If of heavenly grace I have a trace,  
It all cometh from above.”

How short its life, When the pruning knife  
Comes to lay this beauty low;

It will bow its head, As if it said,  
“The Master calls—and I go.”

—*Ombra.*



## EACH BRINGETH BLESSINGS.



ALL nature some new blessing brings each hour;

The bud unfolding gives a perfect leaf,

And then the beauty of the perfect flower,

Then grain within the sheaf.

The sun, revolving round his central way,

Quick folds aside night's veil of woven mist;

As he salutes with radiant smile the day

Each blushing rose is kissed.

Like nature, some leave blessings in their way,

Their lives ennobled by their gracious deeds;

Like golden clouds that seem to ope the way

Where angel pathway leads.

By graces undefined, by friendly mien,

By gentle word, or noble thoughts expressed,

A sweet refining influence they leave,—

Thus other lives are blest.

—*Leda Gano Browne.*

## A DAY'S JOURNEY.



P in the morning of life,  
While the earth is yet flushed with the dawning;  
Op'ning the work of the day  
In beginning the cares of existence.  
Fleet are the flying moments,  
Speeding along to the noontide,  
Hast'ning on in the journey,  
Beginning the labor of living.  
Feet that have walked in the meadows,  
The sweet paths of youth and of childhood,—  
Soon reach the mountains of manhood,—  
And wending with unfathomed perils  
Toilfully make the ascent  
To the rock-crowned and fissure-rent summit.  
Brief is the pause on the heights  
Ere the path begins to tend downward;  
Quick the descent is, and easy,  
The sun keeping pace with the pilgrim,  
Darkening shadows foretell  
The evening and end of the journey.  
Worn with the toil of the day,  
The traveler wearily falters  
Seeking repose on the verge  
Of a tomb, as the sun, slowly sinking,  
Peacefully brings with the darkness,  
Rest, and the end of Life's journey.

—*Maud E. Duns.*

## SAILING.



AR out and away o'er the waters blue

A tiny boat bears me and you

This beautiful day in summer.

And as we glide o'er the waters wide

Borne swiftly on by wind and tide,

Till we near the other strand,

My thought goes out to the other land

Towards which we all are sailing ;

And a prayer goes up to the throne on high,

That when the hour of death draws nigh

We may launch our barque together,

And on and away o'er the darkening tide

We may glide together side by side

Into the great hereafter.

—*R. B.*

## ONE OF IOWA'S FORTY-NINTH.




HE went to war in the morning ;  
The sound of the drum could be heard ;  
As he paused at the gate with his loved ones  
For a kiss and farewell word.  
“Don’t worry for me,” he said gayly,  
“I shall not be gone a great while ;”  
And the thought that his country had called him  
Illumined his face with a smile.

He died of fever at morning ;  
At six, with the sound of the drum,  
Came the Death Angel softly, whisp’ring :  
“The Father in Heaven calls, come !”  
His comrades were gathered around him,  
Silent and tearful the while ;  
But the thought that he died for his country  
Illumined his face with a smile.

They bore him back home in the evening ;  
The drum call was muffled and low.  
He was wrapped in the folds of Old Glory :  
His last word had asked it so.  
Brave dead, sweetly sleep in the churchyard,  
The thought of thy going the while,  
As well as thy coming at drum call,  
Still dwells with thy last sad smile !

—*Lorena Osborn Hunt.*

## BABY'S QUESTIONS.

“HO brings the stars at night, mama?”  
My darling asked one day,  
“And who comes in the morning time  
And takes them all away?”

“What makes the flowers cry, mama?  
Are they afraid in the night?  
Teardrops are on their faces  
When the morning brings the light.

“Who gave the little butterfly  
Such pretty painted wings?  
Who taught the birdie in the wood  
The sweetest song it sings?”

“Why can't we see the wind, mama?  
Who tells it where to go?  
What makes it whirl the dust about  
And bend the trees down low?”

“Who sends the day away, mama?  
And where does it go at night?  
Who brings it back in the morning time  
And fills it so full of light?”

“Where do they keep the snow, mama?  
Who cuts it up so small?  
Why are the pieces so white, mama?  
Who is it makes it all?”

“'Tis God, my child, does all these things  
In earth, and air and sky.”

“Then who made God?” she quickly asked,—  
And waited for reply.

—*T. B. Garretson.*

## WORSHIP OF AN IDEAL.



HERE is no joy, but thou art parent to it ;  
No grief, but thou hast given to it form :  
Thy smile, thy frown, glad words and sad  
lamentings,  
Make up the substance of my daily bourn.

The sun ne'er rose above the eastern tree tops,  
But that thy smile reflected there to me ;  
Nor raindrops fell, but that I saw thee weeping,  
And the dark clouds I knew thy frown to be.

At eventide, when the pale stars are twinkling,  
Each bears a message full of love to me ;  
While in the soft night winds I feel thy breathing ;  
And e'en fair Luna often speaks of thee.

Thou'rt present near me always, waking, sleeping ;  
Thro' day and night, pain, pleasure, in my heart  
Thou art supreme ; no impulse but thy making ;  
Thy doting subject,—my queen thou art.

—*Chas. C. Geduldig.*

## LITTLE MAUD.



THOU'RT a vision fresh and bright,  
With thy fairy form so light,  
And thy face so pure and white,  
Little Maude.

Glorious curls of sunny hue,  
Coral lips let glancing through  
Pearly teeth half hid from view,  
Little Maude.

Eyes whose blue from heaven came;  
Cheeks whose color I could name  
Some bright flower might proudly claim,—  
Little Maude.

Thou has stormed the citadel  
Of a heart that lovest well;  
It has yielded to the spell,  
Little Maude.

I am filled with a conceit,  
In thy love there's no deceit,  
Poured from lips so pure and sweet,  
Little Maude.

—*Maude Emmet Cutler.*

## A WINTER MORNING SCENE.



BEYOND the fields one morn  
My eyes beheld a vision:  
Above the earth, below the skies  
'Twas like the fields Elysian.

The mellow light that shone upon  
The tree tops on that morning,  
With radiance lit the jeweled crown  
Their leafless boughs adorning.

The mists of night had lingered there,  
And morning frosts were blending,  
Like pavonine upon the air,  
And rainbow hues out-sending.

No sapphire stone, nor ruby red  
In diamond crown of princess,  
Is like the light that halo shed;  
Its equal naught evinces.

There were ten thousand precious gems,  
Perhaps there were ten million;  
For these were more than diadems  
Above celestial sylvan.

Beyond these scenes our thoughts may rise  
And catch some heavenly vision;  
Beyond the earth, beyond the skies,  
Beyond the fields Elysian.

—*Benjamin F. Canode.*



## THE AMERICAN FLAG.



THE flag that floats o'er freedom's heights,  
Though hated by a million foes,  
The monarch of all lesser lights,  
O'er whom its greater lustre throws,  
Will flutter on forever free  
When crumbling empires lie in dust;  
'Twas growing when the Charter Tree  
Encased the sacred scroll in trust.

'Twas founded in the rights of man,  
When patriots, with pens of fire,  
Unawed by threats of foreign clan,  
Invoked the tones of Freedom's lyre.  
When the Independence Bell rang out  
In thunder tones, so loud and clear;  
Then Tyranny was put to rout,  
And Freedom gave a lusty cheer.

Our states now number forty-four,  
Our territories five;  
The waiting nation calls for more,  
Where sixty millions thrive.  
We hail with joy Columbian Fair;  
Our welcome guests from foreign shores  
A grand display find gathered there—  
The world outpouring all her stores.

### CHORUS:

Oh, the flag, the dear old flag  
Is still forever growing;  
New stars are twinkling in its folds,  
O'er all their brightness throwing.

—*Mary Dale Culver Evans.*

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
These eyes so wondrous bright?  
What brings us all, both old and young,  
About this tree tonight?  
'Tis love. And listen, you shall know  
Of Him that brought it all—  
The Babe Who, born in a manger low,  
Taught us the Father's call.  
Near nineteen hundred years ago,  
On old Judea's plain  
Were shepherds watching flocks by night—  
The source of all their gain.  
When suddenly a star appeared,  
A new bright twinkling star,  
While to their listening ears were borne  
Sweet voices from afar,  
Singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
And, "Glory to God on high,  
For unto you a King is born,  
And He shall never die."  
The shepherds, then, were filled with awe,  
As onward moved the star,  
Until it led to Bethlehem  
The strangers from afar.  
And these and others fervent gazed,  
And worshipped Him as King.  
And now we, too, His followers,  
On Christmas offerings bring:  
Gifts of love and hearts made new,  
Resolves to better be;  
For the influence of Him who died  
Lives on eternally.

—Mrs. E. L. Pleasant.

## THE MUSIC OF THE BIRDS.



HEARD the sweetest carol, a rippling, trilling tune,  
Chanted by the song birds—a melody for June.  
Strains of music in minors, and broken little trills  
Like the water's silver echo o'er the pebbled rills,  
Come wonderful music, most beautiful music,  
Songs of silvery words;  
The sweetest of music, the tenderest music,—  
The music of the birds.

It echoes through the woodland, reaching far and near,  
Silvery notes so thrilling methinks I yet can hear,  
Pulsing in rapture like the singing of a stream,  
The lyric, limpid carol, in ecstasy it teems  
With wonderful music, most beautiful music,  
Songs of silvery words;  
The sweetest of music, the tenderest music,—  
The music of the birds.

Like a violin a-trilling over trembling strings,  
Rippling a passionate rhythm of love as he sings,  
Till there was charming music in every leaf that stirred:  
Oh, how I wished I knew the little songster's word.  
Oh, wonderful music, such beautiful music,  
Song of silvery words;  
The sweetest of music, the tenderest music,—  
The music of the birds.

—*David Edley Allyn.*

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.




WE love Today, yes, fondly,  
Though Tomorrow holds in view  
A fair prophetic picture  
Of pleasures fresh and new.  
We love Today, 'tis ours,—  
Of Tomorrow who can tell?  
Where promised ships may anchor?  
What breeze its sails may swell?

We love Today, it liveth;  
Tomorrow is not yet,  
Although its birth is heralded,  
Its native hour set.  
O, yes, we love the present,  
Love it all the more  
When its broad portals are ajar,  
Its sunlight on the floor.

Within the Future's mansion,  
When the bars are flung aside,  
We may find it all as earnest  
As in its pictured pride;  
But not until we're greeted  
By Aurora's vanguard gay,  
Can we ever love Tomorrow  
As we have loved Today.  
For Tomorrow never comes  
Into human hearts and homes.

—*Mrs. Davis Cox.*

## HATRED.

ATRED, like a poisonous dart  
Shot by a marksman true,  
In silent cunning does its work,  
Piercing the poor heart through;  
Or, like an evil serpent,  
It stings the very soul;  
While the vision is enchanted,  
The poison seeks its goal.

It drives its victims on and on,  
They find no rest below;  
Its name is written on the wall  
Of every place they know;  
Ghost-like, it haunts their footsteps,  
They shudder, and they call  
For help divine, on God recline,  
Till in their graves they fall.

*Myra M. Mac Well.*

## WHERE.



LOOK upon the sunny fields,  
I see them fair and bright,  
And something whispers me of things  
That lie beyond their light.

I look upon the floating clouds,  
As on and on they go;  
They seem to bear my heart with them  
To scenes I long to know.


I listen to the winds that breathe  
Their secrets in my ear,  
And fain upon their wings I'd fly,  
Without a doubt or fear.

And ye, strange waters, flowing on,  
I look and list to ye,  
And wilder grows the yearning still,  
More fierce the wish to flee.

Oh heart ! where can you resting lie  
Unstirred by deeper things,  
Untouched by feathery pinions white  
Of viewless angels' wings ?

—*M. I. Claiborne.*

## THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.

HE hour of twilight is stealing  
Softly o'er land and sea,  
Wrapping around me her mantle  
Of peace and harmony.

Now the sun's fierce rays are hidden  
Quietly from our sight,  
And we hail the twilight gladly,  
The messenger of night.

A feeling of peace comes o'er me,  
Soothing the aching heart;  
It cheers the drooping spirit,  
And bids despair depart.

A hush has fallen around me;  
The children at their play,  
No longer merrily shouting,  
Quietly wend their way.

One golden haired darling  
Softly climbs to my knee;  
With her dimpled arms entwining,  
She nestles close to me.

And thus, in the calm still twilight,  
Sweet rest I find once more;  
And peace to my sad forebodings  
Comes to me o'er and o'er.

—*Addie Paine Snow.*

## FRIENDSHIP FOR ME.



LOVE often grows cold, but true friendship, never ;  
Such friendship will last and keep warm—aye, forever !  
Then friendship for me  
That never grows cold :  
Aye, aye, forever !

Love often deceives, a pure friendship, rarely ;  
Hearts, bared “face to face”, see each other clearly :  
Pure friendship for me,  
That rarely deceives—  
Aye, aye, forever !

Love often will die ! It sinks 'mid the billows  
Of trouble—and so it soon sleeps 'neath green willows :  
O, friendship for me,  
That woe cannot kill !  
Aye, aye, forever !

Love often is blind : thou poor, foolish creature !  
Solomon's wisdom would e'en fail to teach you !  
A friendship for me,  
That never goes blind—  
Aye, aye, forever !

Love often will change and cause bitter sorrow :  
'Tis yours for to-day—another's tomorrow,  
Sweet friendship for me !  
That never knows change—  
Aye, aye, forever !

—Hattie P. Weadon.



## A COLORADO NIGHT.



THE moon is drifting o'er the peaks  
All capped with crowns of snowy  
white,  
Reflected from the tumbling creeks  
Which murmur to the ear of night.  
Across the rocks her waning light  
Is lavished with a soothing glow  
On sleeping Nature—dreaming quite,  
The dreams which dreamers love to know;  
While in the pines  
The whispering winds  
Rock coney cradles to and fro.

The moon is down; the world is dark;  
A faint light lingers o'er the crest  
Of distant peaks, which dimly mark  
The ragged range along the west.  
The sinking stars upon the breast  
Of midnight pause, and twinkle o'er  
Yon western world—as if they rest—  
And rest, and rest, to spin no more;  
While in the pines  
The nestling winds  
Are whispering softer than before.

—*Lyman H. Sproull.*

## AN AUTUMN REVERIE.



THE old mill has gone to decay,  
And fond recollections appear  
Of many a day that passed away  
While I sat listening here.  
But the murmuring waters will never pour  
O'er the moss covered wheel that turns no more.  
And I sit by the river side  
On this sad October day,  
Watching fleets glide down the lazy tide,  
That were born in the breath of May;  
But gaily flaunting their colors bright,  
The dead leaves are drifting into the night!  
And thus it must be with us all;  
Though the Spring be warm and bright,  
There cometh a Fall, with an icy pall,  
And a burial out of sight,  
Where the sluggish pulses coldly creep  
'Neath the pallid shroud of a wintry sleep.  
But the robin will come again,  
And the tinted bud appear;  
The April rain is ne'er in vain,  
Though the branches look so drear;  
The mayflower but dreams in a perfumed bed,  
With a snow white coverlet overhead.  
Man, too, hath his early bloom,  
A flower time and summer bright;  
But a little room in a lonely tomb,  
And a grave stone strangely white  
Soon guard his remains, while they waiting lie  
For the spring time of immortality.

—*Dr. A. W. Parsons.*

## EVENTIDE.



OW sweet, beneath an azure sky  
E'en as the daylight closes,  
To catch the evening zephyr's sigh  
Fresh from the hearts of roses.

To walk beneath the shady trees,  
And ponder o'er the lesson  
That lies within the fallen leaves,  
So soon to be forgotten.

How sweet the far off distant sound  
Of cowbells homeward coming :—  
To breathe the mellow fragrance round  
And list the wild bees humming.

To catch the gentle west wind's sigh,  
Murmuring as it passes ;  
And watch the lowing herds go by,  
Nipping the tender grasses.

Oh ! give to me this resting place,  
Amid the poor and holy ;  
And where sweet violets will grace  
My bed among the lowly.

And plant ye here beside the spot,  
E'en where the head stone raises,  
A sweet, blue-eyed forget-me-not,  
To mingle with the daisies.

—*June*

## MAIDENHOOD.



AIR maiden, who dost in the dusk of eve  
To stray in wooded dales thy chamber leave,  
Thy heart beats with joy that so pure and  
good

Has throbbed against sin's dark attacks withstood,  
As thou seest the heavens' serenest blue.  
Methinks the stars had a softer hue,  
Sweet maid, were the mild, blue depths of thine eyes  
Rarified in the vast and tender skies.

What! Hast thou lost thy way, sweet maid? 'Tis so!  
The tall trees' shadows darker, gloomier grow;  
And yet, methinks, could I but see thy face,  
Through darkest nights any path would I pace,  
And would never note in heaven's eastern height,  
Glorious Morn sending his inferior light—  
Unless his coming I should hear thee greet,  
And a prayer spoken by thy lips so sweet,  
A sweet little chalice they from where may be  
A rosiness too dear for me to see.

Thus live, and he for whom thy heart doth beat  
Ere many years have run their courses fleet  
Will make thee a sweet virgin in heaven;  
And if there a place to me is given,  
Not 'mid angels in purest white arrayed,  
Shall I look in that world of bliss, sweet maid,  
To see thy beauty; but still nearer Him;  
For fairer than 'round the heads of seraphim  
He'll make thee with smiles sweet and tender,  
An aureol of virginal splendor.

—*Anatole Bachand.*

## THE BLIND PLAYER.



AS I sat one summer evening near the window in my  
room,

Gazing on the distant landscape e'er it faded in the  
gloom,

Suddenly a strain of music cleft the air, and circling round,  
Filled my heart with tender rapture, held my senses in a bound.

Ah, so soft those chords came creeping, as though struck by  
spirit hands,

That they wooed me on to dreamland where I saw bright angel  
bands,

Sweeping on to this pure music led by one so calm and fair  
In a robe of gleaming whiteness and a crown of jewels rare.

Then more clearly rang the measure, but beneath a murmur  
plain,

As my player at his pleasure caused a note to thrill with pain:  
Had he knowledge of the memory that his music woke in one  
Who had seen his darling dying at the setting of the sun?

Yes, it seemed he held communion with the spirit that had  
flown,

For my player left his organ, stealing to the door unknown,  
Just to smile up to my window, but I saw that he was blind,  
And I knew he had the talent that is given to his kind.

Years have passed since that soft nocturne woke an echo most  
divine,

Gave my life a gentle longing that no power can define,  
Yet I know my player somewhere, in this weary world of care,  
Makes sweet music for a brother who has sorrow hard to bear.

—*Frances Augustine Gaisford.*

## CONSCIENCE.



HOLD in my hand the skull of my lover;

I look in the sockets, the eyes are not there;

I count the white teeth, and turning it over

I find on the temple a lock of brown hair.

Oh horrible thing! hast been a white forehead?

Have I felt thy cheek press'd warmly to mine?

Fleshless lip, hast thou oft-times smilingly said

Thou wouldst speak from the grave to claim me as thine?

Though, my beloved, thou didst sadly perish,

And he whom thou rivalled hath sent this to me,

"Found on the battle-field"—vengeance to cherish,

Knowing I loved thee; I loved none but thee!

Oh voiceless relic, so hideous now,

Canst tell of the battle, the shock and the pain?

Canst whisper of awful things seen—and of how,

And of where we shall meet and love one again?

Has the dark o' thine eyes melted in the night skies?

Thy blood, is it spilled in Death's Lethean stream?

Art thou happier now since grown Heaven-wise?

Or—Oh, mercy on me! I've had such a dream!

I'll jump out of bed; I'll write him a letter;

I'll say—"Come home on a furlough at once!

I know now I love you as well—yes—e'en better,

Than creed or than country. Your own little—Dunce."

—*Era S. Grant.*

## WHISPERS OF NATURE.



II ! the whispers of nature are soothing and calm,  
They come to my heart like a sweet, heavenly  
balm

When, weary and sad with life's most bitter woes,  
I wander along where the calm, clear river flows.  
The bright waves, that softly are rippling along,  
Echos in my heart like an old sad sweet song;  
And the wind whispers soft, in its sad moaning way,  
And the night-bird is dreamingly singing his lay.

Bright fragrant flowers, both lovely and rare,  
Whisper their love in the pure evening air  
Sending their perfume far out on the breeze,  
To be carried away by the fluttering leaves;  
And the soft golden moon looks down from on high  
Like a symbol of heaven far up in the sky.  
All nature is whispering in perfect delight—  
Whispering its joys on this sweet summer night.

Sweet nature, thy whispers are balm to my heart!  
They dry my wet lashes when sad tear-drops start;  
They tell of a peace with our Father above  
Where there is no more pain, but rest and calm love.  
There's no misunderstanding in that fair land of rest,  
And if we suffer here God surely thinks best;  
But amid our deep anguish fair nature He gave  
To ease by its whispers the souls Christ did save.

—*Josephine La Celia Arquette.*

## IDEAL LOVE.



HEY loved at eight and ten, 'tis true;  
And while each little heart was pure  
They felt what is possessed by few,—  
A sympathy of soul with soul.

The twenties came, and found them then  
With smiles like Spring; for this they thought,  
That ne'er had been, ne'er'd be again,  
A love so pure, so true as theirs.

The forties came, and still they smiled  
And said, "We ne'er knew love before.  
How can the youth be so beguiled?  
They think a germ a plant full grown."

The eighties found them at the door  
Of death, and trustfully they said,  
"Because we love our God, the more  
We love each other here below.

"But not until we've passed the vale,  
Can love like ours completed be;  
Our souls may then in freedom sail,  
And love its stature will have grown."

—J. E. Baldwin.



## REMEMBRANCE.

“**R**EMEMBRANCE!” On a fair magnolia bloom,  
Guiding with careful hand his pen of steel,  
The soldier, in a land afar from home,  
Wrote the fond word—of cherished faith the seal:  
Then from the parent stem he set the flow’ret free  
To float upon a fountain’s crystal tide,  
Till bright and flawless gleamed his tracery—  
Till meet the tender message for his bride.

Beyond that sunny reach unto the white snow-land  
Sped the sweet gift, and on the Christmas day  
It lay at last upon her gentle hand,  
While there she bowed her head caressingly:  
“Remembrance!” ere this flower, so on my heart  
His valiant deeds, baptized in freedom’s cause,  
Long since engraved by duty’s nobler part—  
To make his absence thus joy’s unrepining pause.  
—*Daisy Kellar.*

## RISEN.



IGHT closed around Jerusalem, her temples and her homes;

The empty cross was standing on the hillside dark and lone;

And in the early morning the Marys went their way  
Asking in fear and wonder, "Who will roll the stone away?"

They reached the open sepulchre, an angel sat thereon,  
The woman stood affrighted before the shining one.  
"Jesus of Nazareth here you seek—be not afraid," he said,  
"He is not here, but risen. Behold the empty bed."

And these dear women went away the tidings glad to tell;  
When Jesus' form rose in their path, the form they loved so well.


His gracious word, "Joy to you all," in his own accents kind,  
"Be not afraid, but go and tell the brethren ye shall find."

Oh, speed thee, Mary! speed thee, the tidings glad to tell,  
And there among the brethren proclaim that all is well;  
The night of death is over, and Jesus has come forth;  
The day of resurrection dawns that brings Him back to earth.

The echoes of their footsteps have never died away,  
For women's feet are running with glad tidings to this day;  
To woman comes the angel, and then her risen Lord,  
Then the divine command, "Go tell the message of my word."

—*Belle H. Jones.*

## THE YULE SONG.

“HAT is peace?” sighed the hero, in armor dressed,  
As he fastened the plume in his knightly crest,  
And strode gallantly forth on the martial quest,  
While his pulses throbbed tumultuously.

“Peace is rest unknown.” So the grey-haired sire repined,  
“For with the conqueror’s laurel, it hath close entwined  
The olive branch of harmony toward all mankind.”

“What is hope?” he murmured, in the conflict’s heat,  
As he anxiously sighted the dire defeat,  
But marched slowly on, his doom to meet;  
While his soul rebelled despairingly.

“Hope our solace is,” a wounded comrade whispered near,  
“The day-star which illumines the vista of gloom and fear,  
And faith’s fair harbinger in life’s stern career.”

“What is Christ?” he breathed, as through the prison gate,  
Stole the gladsome notes of the carolling waits,  
While the strain with the pean of Heaven vibrates,  
And his spirit yearned responsively.

“Christ is peace and hope!” the listening angel cried.  
“Hark, hark! the joybells are pealing it far and wide,  
’Tis the love-given message of the Christmas-tide.”

—*Minnie Anita Williams.*

## FRIENDLY MOON.



LADY so stately, so silvery pale,  
Attends my bedside at night without fail;  
In a robe of fine vapor from lowland or vale  
This friend watches o'er me.

She comes to my side as the elf would at night,—  
Cares not for opinion of neighbor or sprite,—  
Climbing thorn ladder of rose bush so light,  
This friend watches o'er me.

She prefers not the door, but knot-hole or chink—,  
She springs through a crevice—the witch—at a wink,  
Bathes my dark hair silver white, ere I can think.  
This friend watches o'er me.

I oft try to chain her in loving embrace,  
But she slips through my fingers—empty the space;  
Time's no disenchanter, she holds first place—  
This friend watches o'er me.

She revels in snow of the ocean I love;  
I think her engulfed to ne'er come above;  
But she's still at my bedside, the same old true love—  
This friend watches o'er me.

—Mrs. Ella T. Haines.

## THE BOOK OF FAME.



GREAT many years have I waited  
By that guarded book of fame,  
Hoping, prayerfully longing,  
For a place to write my name.

My name, would it stand, I wonder  
By those of a nation's pride?  
Or would it grow dim ere subsided  
The waves of the in-coming tide?

My name,—how gladly I'd write it  
In characters bold and free,  
While on earth are lingering  
Those whose delight is in me!

Of what avail, I ponder,  
If the world sings of my deeds,  
When, gone to my last long slumber,  
I rest 'neath the willow trees?

Shall I know if they come for a token  
At my grave 'neath the blue arch  
above,  
At the foot of the tall weeping willow,  
By the side of the ones that I love?

—M. I. Campbell.

## VASHTI.



THRO' all the paths of life, where man hath made his ways,

Who more than she deserving of great praise,  
Who spite of home or king sought virtue's throne to serve?  
None were more pure or true than Vashti fair,  
Doomed in Persia's distant land to share  
The most dreadful fate, in darkness and despair,  
That Ahasuerus, the cruel despot king,  
Bethought to visit upon men or things.  
A lordly feast he spread for all, both far and near,  
Whose splendors none might know save they who shared its board.

Throughout the realm all hastened without fear,  
To feast 'neath courtly stuff of richest hue,  
Tasseled o'er silken beds on pavements red and blue.  
Merry the king with wine; and all the chamberlains fine  
Were ordered to bring the king Vashti the fair.  
Why starts the queen before the courtiers' hand?  
"What! Go? Not I, before the princes of the land."  
Better had the king praised thee for thy priceless worth;  
For thou wert a jewel set in a dark age  
When man's untutored mind knew less of God and right,  
The very things which should men's hearts delight.  
Thy name, oh, Vashti! ever beaming like a star,  
Tells that kings and thrones are naught to God and right.

—*Mary L. Moreland.*

## A SYLVAN RETREAT.



HIS mystic nook with myrtle bowers,  
Pierian shades, amaranthine flowers;  
This purling willowed stream,  
Sweet violets and daisies true,  
With perfumed breath and matchless hue,  
Are fairer than a dream.

Coy dryads, nymphs and elfin fays  
Sport in the moonlight's silvery rays,  
And the teetee swings and laughs;  
Gay feathered songsters carol love  
'Mid leafy boughs that wave above  
In sunlight's golden shafts.

Soft crooning chime of voices sweet,  
Add witcheries to this retreat;  
Drone flies and buzzing bee  
From cauldrons fair sip dewy spice;—  
Elysium this—a paradise—  
Queen Mab's throne on the lea.

—*Mary Hart Stribling.*

## TO THE POET.



WHEN the furious battle is storming and raging,  
When Man is the servant and Lead is his master,  
When the cannon are roaring in rapid succession  
And wheeling all round them in deadly disaster ;  
When the blood of the conquered is trickling and streaming,  
When bosoms are burning and senses are freezing,  
When in volumes their moans are uprising to heaven,  
Uprising, unheeded, the battle unceasing ;—  
Soldier-drummer, beat your drum,  
Soften, cleanse the wicked soul !  
Balm of Gilead give the hearts,—  
Hearts that lost their end or goal !

In the strife of the world, untiring and brutal,  
Where Love is a vision and Mammon is master,  
Where the weak and the decent, the true and the noble,  
Are victims of wrong, of disgrace, and disaster ;  
Where the ground 'neath the warriors in fearful convulsions  
Is thrown by the sight of the blood of our Abels,  
Where the monsters rejoice o'er the dead and defeated,—  
Defeated that fell in our sin-stricken Babels ;—  
Soldier-poet, beat your drum,  
Rap upon each wicked soul,  
Creep into each brutish heart,  
Beat and teach them,—that's your role !

Do not weaken when mocked while performing your mission ;  
Your fate is to suffer, to teach is your duty ;  
In your own heart and soul are your shield and your armor ;  
Go, preach to mankind, then of Right, Love, and Beauty !

—*Herman Bernstein.*



## APRIL DAYS.

**R**IGHT, bright, bright, o'er meadow, hill and way  
Streams the brilliant sun of the closing April day;  
She of changeful moods is one of beauty now,  
And around us is the fragrance of the waving apple bough.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, Oh happy birds atune!  
Far sweeter is your music now than in the days of June.  
Full, soft the shadows slant, while a glory rises soon,  
And our eyes reflect the radiance of the early gleaming moon.

Sad, sad, sad, these April days to me;  
Yet 'tis more than heart can tell what to me they used to be,  
While I listened for your steps at our trysting in the dell,  
And my ears would catch the music of the voice I loved so well.

False, false, false, were the words you spoke to me;  
O, dear one, now I wonder how you could so faithless be.  
Even now I see you standing with the moonlight on your face,  
And your noble boyish figure thrown out in lines of grace;

And now the years have drifted; with bright men you take  
your place;  
'Tis as strangers that we meet—a mere passing face to face.  
Your voice to me is formal at the meeting of our ways;  
Yet I would give, oh,— worlds! to know that you remember  
April days.

O sun, shine bright! O hearts, delight!  
Moon send rays, and birds trill lays and bring all joys to April  
days;  
While my lone heart in sorrow shall take its grief and care,  
And burden of sad memories, which is all to me they bear.

—*Ida Ellis.*

## A TRIBUTE.



WE read of brave and glorious deeds

By men of valor done.

We read of how they held a pass

From rise till set of sun,—

The pass that's called Thermopylea

They nobly did defend;

'Till of three hundred one was left

To tell how it did end.

And have not men in our own time,

Fought just as brave and well,

And shown their Spartan valor

For history to tell?

God bless our own brave fellows

Who dared the arms of Spain,

And fought for liberty and right—

Their battle cry "The Maine!"

God bless you, noble heroes,

You have bravely done your part;

And your memory will be sacred

In every honest heart.

When God's trump calls all nations

To the grand and last review,

I pray both crown and victor's palm

Be freely given to you.

—*Myrtle Ross.*

## LONE MOUNTAIN'S LONE BARD.



WAND'RER through Lone Mountain's maze,  
Views plats surpassing fair:  
Rare marble slabs reward his gaze,  
Rich pillars draped with care;  
Mounds erst-while through the grassy mead  
Flower-decked by love he spies;  
Till looms neglected, grown with weeds,  
The spot where Pollock lies.

His soul in sweet "Italia" speaks,  
And in "Olivia" breathes,  
While in his nature's stranger freaks,  
His spirit's wisdom seethes;  
Thus, in farewell lest grief should mar,  
He bade us to remind,  
That those who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

Alas, O world, beyond this sphere  
He dreamed life held not worth,  
Nor love could bind, nor joy nor tears,  
Longer his soul to earth;  
E'en now, Immortal Bard, what need  
A tomb aloft to raise,  
Save to avow a tardy need,  
Our pride, thy name to praise?

Speed, fernwood leaf, from one who stood,  
Spell-bound in childhood's hour,  
Mind eloquence to glean—rich food,  
Soul smiles to gain—sweet dower;  
Knowing full well the poet's lot  
Fate set supremely hard;  
Mark, leaflet frail, one bleak lone spot  
Claims California's bard.

—*E. Fernwood.*

## THE DYING DAUGHTER.



OTHER, let me go to Jesus,  
He is whispering me to come,  
He, who from all suffering frees us,  
Offers me a brighter home.

Darling, can I live without you?  
How can I tear you from my heart?  
And I shall think so much about you—  
Oh, 'tis hard for us to part.

Mother, soon you'll cease your mourning,  
You'll lay down your heavy load,  
And meet me 'mid the bright adorning  
Of the palaces of God.

Darling, I would fain surrender  
All the claim I have in you;  
But my feelings are so tender  
It seems more than I can do.

Mother, I would loathe to leave you  
Battling with the world alone,  
Were I not hoping to receive you  
Where painful partings are unknown.

Darling, now my faith grows stronger,  
And I walk in clearer light;  
I would not detain you longer,  
Let me kiss my last good-night.

Mother, now the scene grows brighter  
With a radiance from the sky,  
Clasp my hand a little tighter,  
And, till we meet again, good-by!

—*Rev. Jos. H. Hill.*

## ADVICE TO A MOTHER.



FRET not thyself, dear mother,  
If thy daughter's called to go;  
For heaven above is better  
Than earth is, here below.

Remember, oh, my mother,  
That she's with Him above,  
And He receives His children,  
With such sweet, tender love.

Fret not thyself, dear mother,  
If thy son is called to go;  
To march beneath the stars and stripes,  
To fight a Spanish foe.

Remember, oh, my mother,  
That God is always near,  
And he that is in danger,  
Need have no cause to fear.

Fret not thyself, dear mother,  
When life is ebbing slow,—  
If you Death's gates must enter,  
'Tis God that wills it so.

Remember, oh, my mother,  
Though earthly life must cease,  
You've left footprints behind you,  
To guide us on to peace.

—*Florence Ursula Shadford.*

## WE SHALL MISS HER.



WE shall miss her, now she's gone:  
Miss her kind and patient smile,  
Miss the words of comfort spoken  
In a voice so sweet and mild.  
Truest friend to kindred, stranger,  
Kindest mother, truest wife,  
Gone beyond this vale of sorrow  
To that world where joy is rife.  
We shall miss her in the meetings  
That were once her chief delight  
For it was her one ambition  
In the ranks of God to fight.  
Often have we, in those meetings,  
Knelt while this dear sister prayed,  
Asking God in accents tender  
Some poor wandering soul to save.  
Yes, we miss you, dearest sister;  
But tonight we seem to see  
Your sweet face and hear your voice  
Speaking, oh, so lovingly:  
"Brother, sister, oh, be faithful,  
Do not from the Savior stray;  
For I'm waiting now to greet you  
In the realm of endless day."  
Yes, we miss you, dearest sister,  
And the thought gives deepest pain;  
Still we know, though lost to us here,  
Our sad loss is heaven's great gain;  
And we know if we prove faithful,  
True and faithful to the end,  
That ere long we all shall meet you,  
Truest mother, wife and friend.

—*Rebecca Schmid.*

## OPPORTUNITY.



HINK not what you would do if life were changed  
And fate had otherwise your lot decreed,  
But do the work which now you find arranged  
And at your hand,—'tis this you need.

Dream not of great deeds while you idly stand,  
Waiting the time to come when you shall do;  
Now is the time—there's greatness near at hand;  
You need not wait for it, it waits for you.

If in your life true greatness lingers,  
Waiting the hour to come to bud and bloom,  
Be patient: Time will come, with willing fingers  
Sever all bonds, and give that greatness room.

Life is of our own making; what we are  
Lies with ourselves. The canvas plain  
Waits for our hand to place with care  
The lights and shades which mark each joy and pain.

So let us live that, when the summons's sounded,  
We gladly lay life's brush forever down;  
The picture by a halo be surrounded  
Of good deeds done, fit jewels for a crown.

—*M. Maynard.*

## THE BOY HERO OF SANTIAGO.



ALM and brave, with courageous eye,  
He sighted the battle afar,  
No fear of bloody fields,  
Nor yet afraid to die.  
The youngest of that gallant band  
To the Seventy-first belonged;  
And on the day of that awful fray,  
When near the enemy thronged,  
With fearlessness and obedience on messages he went,  
And never once did falter when as courier he was sent.  
This at Santiago, where many fell on the field;  
But he survived and elsewhere good service did he yield.  
And when his comrades once again came home, he with them  
came,  
Though when he reached his father's house disease had made  
its claim  
Upon his health and strength, and fever burned his brain.  
He talked of war in the language of camp,  
He voiced the shrill orders that had rung down the trench;  
In delirium's mad ravings, when his brow was all damp  
With the dews of grim Death, with one strong wrench  
He sat up and called for the clothes he had worn,  
The dearly loved uniform, faded and torn.  
He fondled it proudly, and his eye gleamed bright  
As one arm he feebly pushed into a sleeve;  
And his friends drew nearer, appalled at the sight.  
For a moment he sat there striving once more  
To put on those garments, the harness of war;  
Then, as if his name had been reached in the roll,  
His strength seemed to fail, though dauntless his will—  
He made a last effort, sank back—and was still.

—Miss Nellie M. Price.



## A PROMISE.



S surely we know  
Somewhere under the snow  
The flowers are waiting release,  
God's promise will bring to us peace.  
After the night comes morning's light.

Though darkness may fall  
Like a pall over all  
And drift clouds o'er the vale of Peace,  
Still never this glad song shall cease.  
After the night comes morning's light.

The clouds that float by  
Hide the stars in the sky;  
The dark shadows of life will flee  
In God's own time; then we shall see  
The grand light of eternity.

There are deeds of beauty,  
Born of love and duty;  
And the shattered joys that grieve us,  
May be false lights to deceive us,  
For God's love will never leave us.

O souls weary  
With life so dreary,  
Be brave, be strong, and smile at fate,  
Learning life's lesson—hope and wait—  
A step from Earth's shadow to Heaven's gate.

—*Orlantha A. Merryweather.*

## VICTORY.



O have the martyrs past  
Gained victory at last,  
When they have seen in stone  
The image of their own,  
Engraven there by those  
Whose mind progressive grows.

It is not strange to see  
Stones in their memory  
On the same spot they died,  
As Bruno's victory cried,  
When he long years before,  
Had gained from truth's rich store.  
What since had reason proved—  
That worlds revolving moved,

New truths are sought to-day,  
By reason, the same way,  
While the great masses cry,  
"This truth must be a lie!"  
In ages yet will he  
See his gain victory  
That now they would ignore,  
As those that lived before.

—*Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse.*

## THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.



O H, the mystery of life,  
In which joy and sorrow blend!  
Will the mystery be solved  
When this life has had an end?

God did not mean for us to know  
The cause of what on earth we see;  
He only meant that we should be  
Fitted here for eternity.

Who can doubt He dwells above?  
We have but to look to see  
That He is everywhere,—  
A glance is enough for me.

Without the God in whom I trust,  
I should fear to live, and I  
Without His aid and love  
Should be afraid to die.

I need His aid to win the crown  
That in Heaven I hope to wear,  
But I must have it fairly won,  
Though the cross I scarce can bear.

*Josephine Wright Hinds.*

## HEREAFTER.



HERE is a power we can't deny  
Beyond this world, beyond the sky,  
That day by day and hour by hour  
Bolsters our faith by divine power.

If we could only pierce the gloom  
Beyond this life, beyond the tomb,  
As for our death the time draws near  
We'd greet the end without a fear.

If sleep and death be truly one—  
As in a trance we slumber on  
Knowing not the passing time,  
We'd meet our fate with faith sublime.

Doubts touch the heart, aloud we cry;  
We pray these doubts, these thoughts may die,  
That newer knowledge and light be shed—  
Is another life only fancy fed ?

They tell us, with a touch of scorn,  
The doubting heart is evil born,  
Perplexed in faith; but this is so,  
The state of death no man doth know.

*Aura G. Haddock.*

## THE SNOW'S CONSOLATION.



HE leaves are dancing merrily in the breeze,  
Waving, fluttering and whirling on the trees,  
Unconscious of the future and of time;  
In robes of green they're happy and sublime.

Autumn comes along their way,  
And busies him throughout the day  
In mixing tints of brightest hue,  
And rummaging the woods all through.

The time is nigh, the work begun,  
No space for tears before 'tis done.  
The wind speaks with a gruff command:  
"You revelers must now disband."


Then changed the robe of beauteous green  
Ere human eyes had scarcely seen—  
To colors dear to Autumn's eye,  
Before they fall to curl, to die.

The trees, once so erect, sedate,  
Do shiver and with sighs relate  
How they were robbed of all their clothes,  
And left to winter storms exposed.

But the snow in tender pity falls,  
And passing through the air it calls:  
"Be calm! I'll cover up your dead,  
And wrap my mantle 'round your head."

—*Gipsy May Rhoads.*

## LINKS TO HEAVEN.

 WAS a beautiful legend as given of old,  
That angels of mercy placed barriers of gold  
To shorten the pathway of mortals at birth,  
Whom fate had intended for sorrows of earth.

And the pure deep fount of the angel's love  
Baptised the babe with dew from above,  
Which gathered in gems of crystalline light,  
Like beauteous stars on the curtains of night.

But soon it slept, and the angel fair  
Placed a crown of gold on its sunny hair;  
And the grim silent boatman then carried it o'er  
To the bright land beyond, on the mystical shore,

Where loved ones were waiting to welcome it in,  
Away from life's cares and its trouble and sin;  
And they led it through scenes that were heavenly fair,  
Which henceforth the child in their number should share.

And now all together they'll watch and they'll wait,  
Close by the side of the beautiful gate,  
While the pitying angels bend earthward in love,  
And link the dear hearts to their own hearts above.

—*Mrs. M. Pickering.*

## RETRIBUTION.



WE remembered our valiant countrymen of the Maine,  
Who blindly trusted the treacherous ports of Spain.  
We thought of their sad fate, and avenged their  
wrong;

And let their fearful death knell be our battle song.

We left home, 'neath the flag, went to Cuba, fought our best,  
And rightly helped free a people who were oppressed.  
Since cruel Spain would not think of humanity,  
We bravely taught her a lesson of humility.

And now the lovely stars and stripes wave proudly to the  
breeze

In giving freedom to those islands of the seas.

There has been no record of braver deeds ever left to fame,  
Than by the immortal crews who sailed for the Spanish main.

—*Anna Lee.*

## FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.



YOUTHFUL eyes may lose their brightness;  
Youthful feet forget their lightness;  
Whitest teeth may soon decay;  
Golden tresses turn to gray;  
Cheeks be hollow, eyes be dim;  
Faint the voice and weak the limb;  
But though youth and strength depart,  
Fadeless is a loving heart.

—*M. S. Baker.*



## A REVIEW.



AS I wandered forth in the even's gloaming,  
In a thoughtful mood, through the twilight roaming  
I came on a hidden elfin nook,  
Close by the shimmering silver brook.

I sat me down by the hawthorne tree  
In silent thought, while fancy free,  
In retrospect, was viewing o'er  
The life that was past and gone before.

How much better 'twere, if we might see  
The life that is to come, to be:  
What favors the future holds in store  
As we are knocking at the door,

Of Tomorrow, and asking, "Who holds the key?"  
'Tis answered: "My children, that is to be  
Revealed upon the other floor—  
Who'll hold the key and unlock the door.

"That is the key that wise men sought;  
That golden key no angel wrought,  
That will unlock that pearly door  
And reveal Tomorrow's golden store."

—*Levi W. McCormick.*

## HEAVEN'S LADDER.



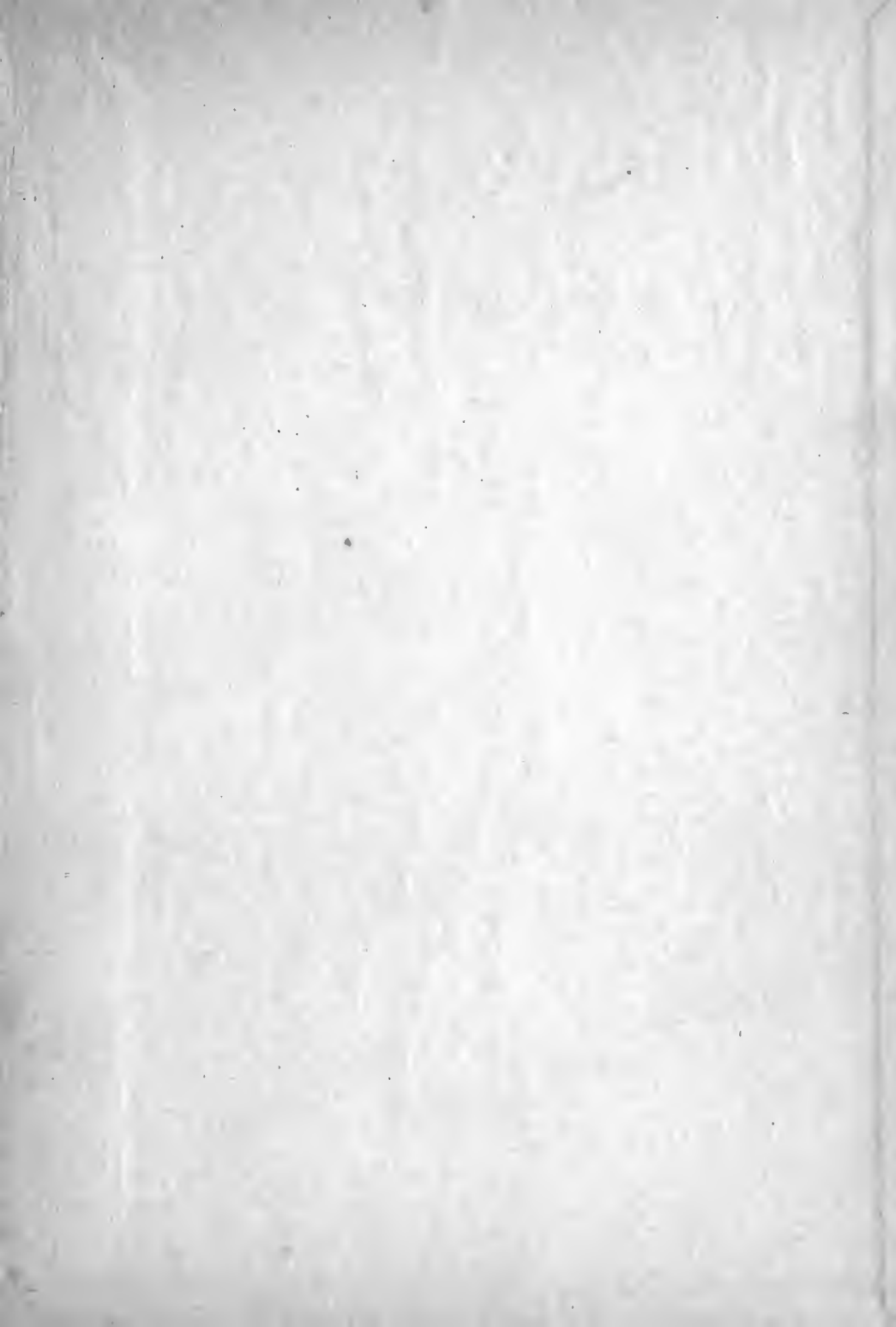
HOW could I climb? They said it was so high;  
Remote as any star, how could I enter  
Even its border lands, or gates of peace?  
And because I had no wings to fly  
I sent my soul in prayer to Heaven's reposeful center.

When lo! a little blue flower at my feet;  
The carol of a homing vesper sparrow;  
The shimmering wings of a silver butterfly  
Built in a ladder; so my soul sped fleet,  
As from a bow to Heaven the faithful arrow.

—*Mary J. Woodward Weatherbee.*







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 199 184 5 ●